

ASK A POLICEMAN

By RUTH BIRDSALL

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She was tiny and timid, a slip of a girl, with the freshness of country daisies and green fields about her. For many minutes she had been standing by the big revolving doors of Bencon's department store, searching every face as the crowds surged in and out.

Choking back the persistent sobs and fears, she realized that she must think and think hard.

She had heard that in all big cities there were men whose duty it was to direct strangers and to help them, and she had always been warned to be very careful about speaking to people promiscuously.

"Always ask a policeman"—that was it. "Always ask a policeman," mother had said, and Aunt Carrie had said, and Cousin Lucia had said—"Always ask a policeman."

Through the thinning crowd she sifted, glancing timidly about, until she spied a big, glowing-faced policeman at the cross streets. Up to him she rushed, heedless of traffic or traffic regulations.

"Oh, sir," she cried, "Jim's gone, and I'm lost! Please tell me what to do?" "You're lost, are you?" smiled the policeman. "Well, who is Jim, and where do you live?"

Autos honked, drivers shouted and pedestrians scowled and scolded while Officer Dane listened to the half-sobbed story of the little country Daisy.

"Jim is James Dee from Chicago, and I've run away from home to marry him, and now I can't find him. I'm so afraid something has happened to him. Please find him for me."

Officer Dane signalled for the impatient drivers and pedestrians to cross. Fuming and seething, they swept past the stalwart man and the frightened girl. The spot upon which they stood was like a tiny island in a tempestuous sea of traffic.

"Wait a minute," encouraged Dane, "and I'll help you."

Soon the home-bound rush hour was over, and Dane piloted his charge to a sheltered corner.

"So Jim is lost, is he? And you are going to marry him, are you? Just play I'm your granddad and tell me all about it," and his kindly blue eyes invited confidence.

Hesitatingly Daisy explained that Jim had come to her home in Danbury Hill for his summer vacation a month before when her mother had advertised for a few boarders to help fill the family pocketbook. Jim was wonderful—the finest man in the world. He loved her but mother didn't trust him and wanted to know him better before giving her consent. Finally, Jim's vacation being over, he had found it impossible to leave Daisy, and she couldn't let him go without her; so they had eloped, and now he was lost and she was lost and she was very unhappy.

Big Bill Dane pondered a moment. "Do you love this Dee fellow well enough, little lady, to go back home tonight and face the music alone, while I hunt for him?"

"Oh, if I only could go home," she sobbed. "I'd never run away again."

Gently Officer Dane led Daisy, somewhat crumpled and crushed, through the now quieter streets to the railroad station where, promising her news in the morning, he placed her on the train for Danbury Hill.

The next noon a trim, big-shouldered, blue-eyed man swung off the train at Danbury Hill station. Daisy, from the hilltop, watched him climb the hill and come straight up to her door.

door.

"Good morning, little lady," he sang out to her. "How's your heart this morning? All battered and torn or can it stand a little shaking up?"

"Why, it's my policeman," gasped Daisy. "Only you aren't a policeman at all."

"Oh, yes? I am a policeman, all right," chuckled Dane; "but it's my day off and I came to deliver my message in person. It's not I who am masquerading, but James Dee of Chicago, U. S. A."

"Masquerading?"

"Sure," and genial Bill Dane settled himself on the stone wall that skirted the farm. He mopped his cheerful face and beamed a smile of understanding that warmed Daisy's heart.

"I thought I was right yesterday," he said, "but I wanted to be sure before I took a chance of breaking your little heart. Your friend Jim never saw Chicago. He's a soda clerk in a drug store. Many a lemon and lime he's mixed for me, and I dropped in for one this morning. He was just back from a month's vacation. Here's a note he sent you, by the way."

Trembling Daisy opened the note, while Dane strolled away, his heart singing as it had never sung before.

"Dear Daisy"—the note read. "I'm a cad. I'm not a rich guy from Chicago at all, so I quit you cold yesterday. You're too good a girl to jolly. Bill Dane ferreted me out. He's some detective and the squarest man I know. Forgive and forget, Jim."

The afternoon train was leaving Danbury Hill station for the city as a broad-shouldered man with glad blue eyes jumped gaily on the rear platform.

"Good-by, little lady," he shouted. "I'll be back for my vacation—and, say, that family advice of yours is all right. 'Always ask a policeman.' Don't forget to follow it."

The Brain at Its Best.

At what time of day is the mind of the average man, doing an ordinary day's work, most efficient? Suppose that he rises between 7 and 8 in the morning and goes to bed about 11, when is he most fit for the execution of the problems of the day requiring the application of brain power? The answer, according to recent investigations by an eminent psychologist, is "between 10 and 11 a. m." says London Tit-Bits.

The Raven in Legend.

As he perches on the marble Pallas in Poe's poem with his dolorous repetition of "nevermore" the raven is a "thing of evil." In the legend of the long sleep of Frederick of the Red beard ravens await the time when the emperor shall come to life and appear on the battlefield. It is their intention to fly thrice around the mountain when the proper moment arrives.

The Guillotine.

The guillotine was named after Dr. Joseph Guillotin, on whose suggestion it was introduced into France during the revolution in 1792. The instrument consists of two upright posts, with a crossbeam at the top, the posts being so grooved as to allow the falling of a heavy steel knife, with a slanting edge, upon the neck of the victim, as soon as the cord holding it in place is released by the executioner.

Pretty Book Ends.

A useful pair of book ends, made of rich colored tapestry and gold braided, has a strap on the outside of one end to hold scissors and a paper cutter. Another book end when closed looks for all the world like a cream-colored flower pot full of gay blooms, and when filled with books is just as pretty, showing only one side of the flower pot.

A STENOGRAPHER

By ELEANOR F. DAY.

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"And we are sorry to state that we can do nothing to assist you in this matter."

The hand of the unperturbed stenographer moved swiftly across the page. She was by no means surprised at the words of her employer—she was only too used to his harsh ways and methods. She was startled, however, a few minutes later to note a softer expression on the old man's face than she had ever seen before. He began to speak, and soon she realized he was telling her a story—the story of an ungrateful nephew, whom he had looked upon as a son. He had intended him to enter his firm and finally to inherit his fortune. In preparation for the bright future before the lad, he was sent to college.

"But what did that young scamp do," he fairly shouted at the girl, "but run off with the dean's stenographer. A boy with his prospects to marry a mere stenographer—criminal!"

Miss Faroff moved uneasily in her seat. "Mere stenographer," indeed. It occurred to her that in her employer's mind she was summed up in just those two words. She had often built castles of her own, in which she pictured herself loving and being loved by a handsome and exceedingly wealthy young man. But now—

The old man went right on without noticing, or at least without pretending to notice, her discomfort.

"That was 25 years ago. I cut him off without a cent and today I received a letter—the first in all that time—asking me to finance his son in some fool business project. Like as not, the boy is just like his father, and most probably will run off with a ribbon clerk or some blonde stenographer."

And with a snort, the old man strode out of the office, leaving behind him a resentful little lady.

Life indeed was becoming unbearable under him. "Mere stenographer," and with a toss of her head she turned once more to her machine, and soon the rhythmic "clickety-click-click" of the typewriter was the only sound to be heard.

An hour later the quiet of the office was broken by a young man who stepped in and inquired for "Mr. Jackson, please?"

He was informed in a soft voice that the manager would be back at 11:45.

The clock hands reached 11:45 and passed it—but no Mr. Jackson. However, the visitor was by no means bored. He informed Miss Faroff that he was the son of her employer's nephew, and was seeking a business loan from him. This brought on more conversation, and his listener was so very attentive that Mr. Jackson, Jr., did not even notice the flight of time. He was quite surprised when she rose to go to lunch, and asked if he might accompany her. Anne agreed and the two went off.

At 2 o'clock the stenographer was once more seated at her desk, thinking things over. She admitted to herself she had never spent a happier hour, or ever conversed with a more delightful young man. He had left her with a promise to return the following day. And so he did, but strange to say, just after the manager had left. Of course, he stayed a while to chat with Anne, and promised to come the next day. This went on for a week. Each day he arrived just after Mr. Jackson's departure.

Finally he told Anne he had received assistance from another source, and that he was calling to see her and for no other reason. Following this explanation he asked permission to take her to the theater that evening, and received it.

The next morning Anne was startled to hear her employer ask: "Who was the fine young man I saw with you last night?" and then in a sadder tone—"I once had a nephew who looked like that. Oh, how I worked and planned for him! But now—"

The voice trailed off into silence, a silence which Anne broke by remarking nervously:

"Yes, he is fine! Would you like me to bring him to see you?"

The much flattered old man readily gave his consent, so that very afternoon Anne escorted a tall, strapping young fellow into the office. She led him straight to the manager and said sweetly:

"Mr. Jackson, meet Mr. Jackson."

For a moment there was silence, in which the two men scrutinized each other. The young Jackson felt his hand shaken in a mighty grip, and heard a choking voice stuttering in an attempt to speak.

There followed a long explanation of the injustices done years ago to the father, and a promise to make ample restitution through the son.

But when the old man looked un-

through his tears, he found his nephew gazing—not at him—but deep into the eyes of the girl beside him.

And as Jackson, Sr., looked from the proud smile of the boy to the flushed and happy face of Anne, he exclaimed and admitted in his heart that

"Running off with a stenographer is not the worst thing after all!"

Quieting.

Youth—My love for your daughter knows no bounds. I cannot live without her.

Her Papa—Young man, you may die peacefully and without worry. I promise you I'll defray all the funeral expenses.

Raven Builds Nest in Winter.

The American raven is practically extinct in the eastern part of our country and the variety found in America from New Brunswick to Alaska differs from that sable bird native to Europe. It is beautifully black and shining and it measures twenty-six inches in length and over a yard from tip to tip of spreading wings. The raven believes in doing its work early and having it over with, consequently it builds its nest in the winter and lays from five to seven eggs which it sees to it are hatched before the end of February.

Well Called "China's Sorrow."

The Hwang Ho or Yellow river, Chinese records show, once flowed through a rich fertile valley, its tributary hills well wooded. Today it is a broad moving quicksand with a small amount of water most of the year, but when the floods come the whole face of the landscape may be changed. In 1886 this river, which is known as "China's Sorrow," flooded some 20,000 square miles of the most densely populated lands, wiped out thousands of villages and towns, and drowned 2,000,000 people.

Good Fire Extinguisher.

Take 20 pounds of common salt and 10 pounds of sal ammoniac (chloride of ammonia). Dissolve these in seven gallons of water. Put in thin glass bottles holding a quart each. Cork tightly and seal to prevent evaporation. When a fire breaks out, throw one of these bottles so that it will break in or near the flames, or if this is not possible, break off the neck of the bottle and scatter the contents on the fire.

Old-Time Methods of Persian Bakers.

The Persian native bread today is little different from that used 1,000 years ago. The Persian oven is built of smooth masonry work in the ground and is usually about the size of a barrel. Many ovens have been used for a century. The dough is formed into thin sheets about a foot long and two feet wide and slapped against the side of the oven. It bakes in a few minutes.

To Talk Through Telephone.

Scientific tests show that every additional inch of distance between the lips of the speaker and the mouthpiece of the telephone is equivalent to adding 120 miles of wire to the line over which one is talking. The proper distance is about one inch; if farther than that, such sounds as "b, p, d, t, f, z" are transmitted poorly. If closer than one-half inch, nasal sounds like "m" and "n" do not enter the transmitter properly.

Wood Lighter Than Balsa.

The wood of a tree found in Panama, Cavanillesia platanifolia, is even lighter than the celebrated balsa wood. The tree grows to an immense size. The branches and leaves are at the very top and the trunk is like a huge column. The strength of the trunk is principally in the thick fibrous bark, while the wood is so fragile that it crushes when the tree falls.

Modesty in Japan.

The Japanese girl carries her head and shoulders slightly forward, and inclines her body forward from the waist. She walks with short, quick steps, her toes turned in and her feet hardly lifted from the ground. To walk otherwise would be regarded as immodest.—Columbus Dispatch.

Independence of Solitude.

It is easy to live in the world after the world's opinion. It is easy in solitude to live after your own, but the great man is he who in the midst of the throng keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—Emerson.

Highest Moral Courage.

When you are so devoted to doing what is right that you press straight on to that and disregard what men are saying about you, there is the triumph of moral courage.—Phillips Brooks.

Uncle John's

WOULDN'T IT MAKE YOU MAD, BOTTOM? HAS DROPPED OUT OF SUGAR SO'S MORE.



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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate No. 1831 of Josie O'Hare, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, ss: Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said estate is December 13, 1921, and for settlement of said estate is August 9th, 1922; that I will sit at the county court room in said county, on September 13, 1921, at 9 o'clock a. m., and on December 13, 1921, at 8 o'clock a. m., to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.

WM. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge.

NOTICE OF FINAL REPORT

Estate No. 1809 of Alice R. Heyse, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, to all persons interested in the said Estate take notice that the Administrator has filed a final account and report of his administration and a petition for final settlement and discharge as such administrator, which have been set for hearing before said court on September 13, 1921, at 10 o'clock a. m., when you may appear and contest the same. Dated August 13, 1921.

WM. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge.

SHERIFF'S SALE

By virtue of an order of sale issued from the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, upon a decree of foreclosure rendered in said Court wherein Continental Guaranty Corporation, a Corporation, is plaintiff, and Fred J. Bremers is defendants, and to me directed, I will on the 19th day of September, 1921, at two o'clock P. M. at the east front door of the Court House in North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska, sell at Public Auction to the highest bidder for cash, to satisfy said decree, interest and costs, the following described property, to-wit:

Lot Ten (10) of Platteview Subdivision, Lincoln County, Nebraska.

Dated North Platte, Neb., August 15, 1921.

A. J. Salisbury, Sheriff.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR DETERMINATION OF HEIRSHIP.

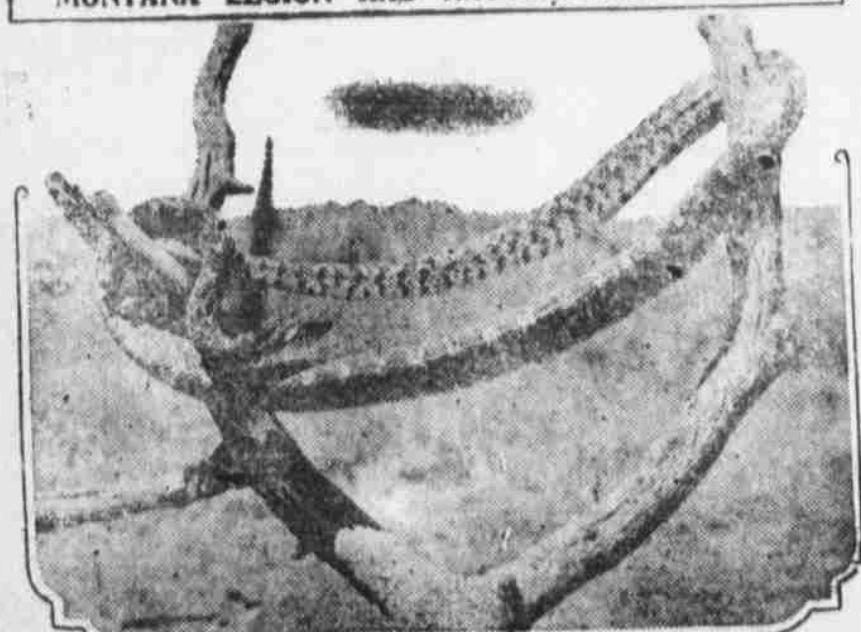
In the County Court, Lincoln County, Nebraska.

In re Thomas M. Dawson, deceased. Notice is hereby given to Charity J. Dawson, John V. Dawson, Charles L. Dawson, Frank G. Dawson, Guy T. Dawson, Laura J. Moore and to all other persons, both creditors and heirs interested in the estate of Thomas M. Dawson, deceased, that a petition was filed in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, August 1st, 1921, in which was set out as facts that Thomas M. Dawson died July 31, 1902, that at the time of his death he was a resident of Lincoln County, and was seized in fee of the Northeast Quarter of Section 26, Township 9, Range 26, West of the 6th P. M. in Lincoln County, Nebraska. The petitioner Arthur D. McNickle is now the owner in fee of the said premises and prays for a determination of the time of the death of the decedent, and a determination of the heirs of said deceased, the degree of kinship and the right of descent of the real property belonging to the deceased. That the time for hearing said petition has been fixed at September 15th, 1921, at 10 o'clock a. m. by the County Court.

WM. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge.

(SEAL) WELLS C. JONES, Attorney for the Petitioner.

MONTANA LEGION HAS RATTLESNAKE MASCOT



It would seem Montana takes the prize for "Hard Boiled" Yanks in American Legion Post mascots may be taken as a criterion as to the nature of the members. The Gen. George A. Custer Post at Miles City has this big 4 1/2 foot rattlesnake as its mascot. Her name is "Alice."